

# Glass Hammer, Run Lisette

It was one - in a million  
It was one - in a million

It was lost to antiquity  
From and age when the nations strove  
Marching to the tune of the Ogre of France  
But I found and read  
The true story of a french Lieutenant  
Who found himself in need of a mount  
'Twas 1805 and he was rising fast  
In a world at war

It was one - in a million

She was mean and would rage  
Killing a groom - beating down her cage  
And no one with any sense would ride her  
She bit everyone  
She had murder in her heart  
When she took him by the throat and rode away  
Did the same to a couple of others  
Yet he bought the mare

It was one - in a million

It was one - in a million

And so two years would pass  
Still he rides the meanest mare in the army  
It had become a joke among the men  
But they fought as one  
"Bear this message of retreat and save the day!"  
None ride faster than Lisette through the fray

Round-shot swift as death  
Left no time to react  
Tore clean through his helm  
But left his head intact  
Such was the shock of impact  
It left him paralyzed  
Yet he's aware - everything, everyone  
This hill is lost, everything overrun

(1st voice)  
Why does the horse now tarry  
While here he sits exposed  
Though the square is broken  
She seems but to doze  
Whence fled all her fury and  
Where fled all her ire  
Once so full of anger!  
Once so full of fire

(2nd voice)  
Run Lisette and become the wind  
You must hasten now lest we meet our end  
In this cannonade or by Russian lance  
For at every turn 'tis with Death we dance  
I Bellephoron, you the Pegasus  
Grow you wings my friend for to fly you must  
So now run Lisette, oh you wicked beast  
You will leave us here to die so cruel!

Then a grenadier struck a fateful blow

Thrust with his blade  
Aimed at the Aide - but it  
Missed and went wide -and it  
Tore into Lisette - into her  
Thigh did it plunge  
caused her to lunge as she  
Went for the throat  
Still the Aide cannot move, he's wounded so

She's grabbed her foe  
She's found her legs - so that  
Now watch her go  
Run, run like the wind to murder him  
Finds her spot  
Clear of the lot  
Stomping like death  
Biting deep into flesh - she kills her man

(1st voice)  
Fast goes the horse and rider  
Both wounded, but alive  
But for the mare Lisette  
Neither would survive  
Run, for the blood is flowing  
Fly, for the snow grows deep  
Back to friendly faces  
Round friendly fires to sleep

(2nd voice)  
Run Lisette and become the wind  
You must hasten now lest we meet our end  
In this cannonade or by Russian lance  
For at every turn 'tis with Death we dance  
I Bellephoron, you the Pegasus  
Grow you wings my friend for to fly you must  
So now run Lisette, oh you wicked beast  
Back to friendly fires, familiar faces

(3rd voice)  
And now his thoughts are turning ever homeward  
And thus the beast must bear him there and onward  
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And thus the beast must bear him there and onward